

THE DAILY MIRROR, Tuesday, February 15, 1916.

ARETHUSA STRIKES MINE OFF EAST COAST: TEN LIVES LOST

# The Daily Mirror

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as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 15, 1916

16 PAGES

One Halfpenny.

CEMENTING THE RUSSO-JAPANESE FRIENDSHIP: GRAND DUKE  
VISITS TOKIO TO DECORATE THE EMPEROR.

PISON



The Grand Duke at the Russian cathedral in Tokio. After attending the service he paid a visit to Count Okuma, the Premier.

PISON



Women waiting to see the Grand Duke pass. They welcomed him by waving their flags.

PISON



The Grand Duke with a leading ecclesiastical dignitary.

PISON



Guard of honour at the station, where the Emperor was waiting to greet his guest.

PISON



The Grand Duke driving away from the station at Tokio.

The visit of the Grand Duke George Mikhailovich to Tokio was a great success, the people according the Tsar's envoy a most friendly reception. The Grand Duke was charged with the mission of handing high decorations to the Mikado and his consort

and to congratulate him on his recent Coronation. Among the important and brilliant functions which the Grand Duke attended was a banquet at the Imperial Palace, at which cordial speeches expressing feelings of mutual friendship were made.

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SIR MAX AITKEN, M.P.

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DAILY

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## THE QUEEN UNVEILS A MEMORIAL TO FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

P2676

L 128 K

P26205



Princess Mary arriving.



The memorial which is in the crypt.

L 11916 V



Her Majesty leaving.

Mr. G. A. Walker's beautiful memorial tablet to Florence Nightingale was unveiled by the Queen in the crypt of St. Paul's yesterday. The Archbishop of Canterbury conducted the service, and said: "For half a century we have thanked God

for what Florence Nightingale has wrought and taught, but we did not know its range and greatness until now." A number of wounded soldiers and nurses were present by special invitation.

## MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE WEDS.

P26523

## AIRMAN INJURED.

D 18611

SP 12708



Miss Cicely Courtneidge, the musical comedy actress, and Mr. Jack Hulbert leaving St. Paul's, Hampstead, yesterday. Then they hurried to Hull to act in "The Light Blues" last night.



Mr. G. W. Rainham, who was seriously injured while looping the loop. His machine fell from a height of 2,000ft.

C 18611



Mr. E. Alexander, who lost his sight near Ypres. Since an operation was performed he can see by day, but not by night.

## LADY C. MALLESON ON THE STAGE.



Lady Constance Malleson (left), whose brother, Lord Annesley, was killed early in the war in a flying accident, as Phrynette in "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Kingsway Theatre.

## "IN GREATER PERIL THAN WE KNOW."

Mr. Gibson Bowles's Impassioned Plea for a Freed Navy.

### "BACK TO THE SEA."

The country is in danger, in graver danger than the Government admits or the country itself suspects. The way out is the way of the sea. Let us take it before it is too late. Let us take it. In God's name; let us take it now!

Thus spoke Mr. Gibson Bowles in the course of a remarkable speech at a crowded meeting at the Cannon-street Hotel yesterday.

The meeting, presided over by Lord Devonport, had been called to press upon the Government the importance of giving our Navy freedom to make a fuller and more effectual use of our sea power in the war.

Mr. Bowles, who received an immense ovation, greeted with cries of "Good old Tommy!" said the war had been misconceived from the beginning.

"It has been made into a war with vast land armaments which had to be improvised even after the war had begun, while the higher direction of the staff had also to be improvised.

"Meanwhile the Navy, which required no improvisation, which was ready from top to bottom, ships, staff, officers all down to the last lanyard, was put aside as our chief reliance and strength in war."

#### "ARROGANT MAJOR OF HUSSARS."

"As though to mark the disregard felt for it was placed in the hands of a presumptuous and arrogant retired major of Hussars, who was left to achieve such losses and failures as are not to be reckoned in history."

"The true beginning of all this lies beyond Mr. Churchill and his doings. It lies in the doings of three men ten years ago," said Mr. Bowles.

"If you wish to learn how the country was blindfolded by Mr. Asquith, Lord Haldane—(A Voice: 'To the Tower with Haldane!')—and Sir Edward Grey, read closely Mr. Edward Grey's own account of 1914, in the Whitehall Papers."

"It is a confession which comes to this, that these three became aware in 1906 that war might ensue between France and Germany. They became aware that we might be drawn into it. They told both Germany and France that in that contingency we should probably fight on the side of France."

"They then and thus made a threat to Germany and a commitment to France. They even began definite military arrangements for such a contingency by conversations with French military authorities and commitments to France."

"Those arrangements they continued for years in secret, without telling the country, the Parliament, or even their own colleagues."

#### THE LEAKY BLOCKADE.

Mr. Gibson Bowles continued as follows:—

"It may be asked what the Foreign Office has to do with the Navy. To that the proper answer is, 'Nothing.' The business of the Foreign Office is not to fight but to negotiate.

"I am, although I have nothing to do with the Navy, in close touch with the Admiralty."

The Board of Admiralty, which should resist the claim, all too tamely acquiesces in it and does the bidding in war of those who have failed in peace.

The blockade leaks at every seam, not because the fleet cannot enforce it, but because the Government interposes to prevent its enforcement.

The expedients adopted in presence of tightening the blockade are pitiable. They consist of a Contraband Committee at the Foreign Office, which acts so as to supersede the Prize Court itself by ordering the release of suspected vessels without submission to that Court.

We are here to demand that as before so now we should use our sea power fully.

#### AN ENSLAVED HOUSE."

With whom, then, lies the fault of all this? It lies largely with the cowed and enslaved House of Commons, which has prolonged its own existence and its own salaries without warranting the electors.

It lies even more with the few leading members of his Majesty's Government, who are thinking of other things. Mr. Asquith thinks to encourage us by preaching economy, by closing museums and by his own assurances that he means to stay where he is and to go on drawing his salary.

My conclusion is that we shall never leave the region of indecision and vacillation and disappointment until this present House of Commons is replaced by a new and free Parliament, nor until those dominant members of the Government who brought us into the war, and have proved themselves incapable of conducting it, are replaced by men of ability, courage, tenacity and business capacity.

Such times as these terrible times are at hand. We trust that with the aid of our Allies the land may not fail us. But it did fail us before and it may again.

If it does, are we then to make a shameful and disastrous peace? No. In that case we must—we only can—go back to the sea which never yet failed us when we put our trust in it.

#### AIR VOLUNTEERS FROM U.S.A.

A number of young American airmen says Reuter's New York correspondent, have applied for positions with the Allies with a view to securing experience. They expect that before they return Congress will have passed laws permitting those having had training in Europe to be appointed to the American Army or Navy aviation corps.

## 'KIND OF TREACHERY.'

Partner in Fownes Brothers Fined £500 and Two Others Sent to Prison.

### TRADING WITH ENEMY.

The Fownes case, in which three of the six partners of the famous glove manufacturing firm were charged with trading with the enemy, ended in an unexpected way at the Old Bailey yesterday.

The defendants, who had previously pleaded not guilty, withdrew their pleas on counsel's advice, and Justice Low passed the following sentences:—

William Gardiner Rigiden—fined £500.

William Fownes Rigiden—Twelve months' imprisonment, second division.

Stanley Fownes Rigiden—Four months' imprisonment, second division.

The prosecution alleged that since the outbreak of the war the New York branch had received £10,000 worth of goods over £6,000 from four manufacturers in Saxony.

The goods were not paid for, but the German manufacturers were told that payment would be made at the end of the war, while a suggestion was also made that interest would also be given.

The defendants were ordered to pay the costs,

and Mr. William Gardiner Rigiden is to remain in custody until the fine is paid.

Mr. Justice Low, in addressing the accused men, said the indictment of trading with the enemy was a serious and grave offence.

Theirs was one of those firms which in the exigencies of modern trade had thought it right to open factories in various countries for reasons of convenience obvious, and it was just the type of firm which made the enforcement of the law in these matters so difficult and the evasion so comparatively easy."

It was urged that the goods were sent to the branch, and that as none came to this country that was an extenuating circumstance. It seemed to him that it was just that matter that made this case such a grave one, because for all purposes the branch might have been in this country.

The accused had traded with the enemy, and trading with the enemy at the present time was merely a species of treachery and must be dealt with accordingly.

In passing sentence his Lordship said he took into consideration the fact that William Gardiner Rigiden was seventy-one years of age.

## SIR G. PRAGNELL DEAD.

Notable City Man Succumbs to Heart Failure at a Hotel.

Sir George Pragnell died at the Hyde Park Hotel early yesterday.

He had been staying at the hotel with his wife and daughter to enable them to be in closer touch with the Red Cross work on which they were engaged at Burlington House.

On Friday he was taken suddenly ill with heart trouble, to which he succumbed. The body is to be removed to his residence at Grove Park, Clapham, but the date of the funeral has yet to be fixed.

Sir George Pragnell was one of the foremost figures in the commercial life of the City. He was born in 1843, and was managing partner of the big firm of Messrs. Cook, Son and Company, manufacturers, St. Paul's-churchyard.

He was chairman of the National Patriotic Association of Employees' Temporal Association, and of the Wholesale Textile Association.

"Not only our business but public life as well has sustained a great loss," said Sir Frederick Cook, a partner in the firm.

## BACHELORS TO REPORT ON MARCH 18.

It is stated officially that the call to single men in both the voluntary groups and the compulsory classes will be posted to-day.

It applies to the Derby groups 14 to 23, leaving out the first group of men not yet nineteen years of age.

Under the Military Service Act it applies to those men in the remaining classes 14 to 23.

All men will be required to present themselves for service from March 18 onwards.

## QUEEN IN CRYPT.

Memorial to Florence Nightingale Unveiled at St. Paul's Cathedral.

### ROYAL FOOTMAN'S ARMLET.

It was typical of the times that the footman who assisted the Queen and Princess Mary to alight at St. Paul's Cathedral yesterday afternoon should have worn an armlet.

Her Majesty was present in order to unveil the memorial to Florence Nightingale which has been erected in the crypt of the Cathedral. The memorial is a beautiful white tablet framed in veined marble, by Mr. C. A. Walker, who also designed the Waterloo-place Memorial.

The service, conducted in the half-lit crypt by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of St. Paul's, was chorral.

By special invitation a large number of widowed men and an equally large number of women were present.

Also a hundred men from H.M.S. Pembroke, headed by the ship's pipers, lined up to receive her Majesty.

The Queen wore a soldier blue coat and skirt cut in the new fitted, basque style with feathered hat to match. The Princess was also in blue, a wide-brimmed hat being one full-blown English rose at the side.

"For half a century," said the Archbishop in his address, "we have thanked God for what Florence Nightingale has wrought and taught, but we did not know its range or its greatness until now."

So fit is fitting that your Majesty, on behalf of English womanhood, should unveil this monument in a year when in the nation's need tens of thousands of women are, with a persistency of quiet devotion and a ministry of steadily increasing skill, and following the path wherein the Lady with the Lamp was pioneer."

The Queen unveiled the memorial with the words: "I have great pleasure in unveiling this memorial."

## MORE WAR MEASURES.

Parliament Reopens Only to Deal with Emergency Legislation.

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent)

After a recess of a little less than three weeks, Parliament reassembles to-day.

Although no legislation is expected except war emergency measures, the session promises to be one of extraordinary interest.

For many vital questions arising out of the war have to be decided. These include the protection of these islands from air raids, the operation of the Military Service Act in many of its bearings, and the Government's plans for enforcing national economy.

It is hoped that the Prime Minister will be able to throw some light upon the intentions of the Government on some of these questions in his speech in the House to-night.

A detailed discussion on these and other war measures will be caused by amendments to the Address during the week.

Mr. Joynson Hicks's amendment will, it is expected, be moved to-morrow.

This urges the desirability of placing the air service on a stronger basis.

The Speech from the Throne to-day is expected to be short. It will, it is understood, refer to the war and foreshadow the necessity of certain financial measures.

## AIRMAN'S SKILL IN 2,000' FALL.

Mr. G. Rainham, the well-known airman, whose biplane fell from 2,000ft. at Brooklands on Sunday owing to the tail giving way under the strain when looping the loop, passed a fairly good night and was slightly better yesterday.

He is suffering from concussion of the brain and bodily injuries.

Onlookers testify to Rainham's marvellous feat when, with the breaking away of the tail and the upsetting of the equilibrium at such a height and while the machine was fluttering to earth like a piece of paper, he maintained all control possible, minimising the effect of the fall.



German and Austrian officers watching the fight for a village during the great ten days battle near Czernowitz.

## SNEEZING ENDS A PEACE MEETING.

Snuff Distribution Completes War Party's Task.

## BLUNT QUERY TO QUAKER

The disorder at the Monday mid-day conference at Devonshire House reached its climax yesterday.

Addresses were to have been delivered by Mrs. S. Hobhouse and Mr. Richard H. Smith. Neither speaker completed a sentence.

Long before one o'clock the room was packed with a hostile crowd, and there were throngs of men and women standing in the gangways at the back of the hall.

After the audience had sung the National Anthem, Mr. T. W. Hayes of Twickenham, addressed the meeting.

"You are helping the Germans to beat the British," he shouted, pointing an accusing finger at a small group of Quakers near the platform.

"Every man who has died in the trenches has died for you, and you are trying to strengthen the arms of the blond beasts."

### DRASTIC RESOLUTION.

"Do not allow these people to speak," concluded Mr. Hayes. "This is no time for talking about peace."

Mr. Hayes then moved the following resolution:—"That all Quakers or others who are seen to be supporters of the enemy ought to be hanged, drawn and quartered."

It was declared to be carried unanimously.

Mr. Grundy, of the Wandsworth Board of Guardians, next rose, but had hardly spoken for more than three minutes when he was interrupted by Mr. Lindsay Johnson.

"Are we going to hold this meeting—or stop it?" he cried.

Lord cries of "Stop it!" greeted this remark.

An unavailing attempt to secure a hearing was made by the chairman.

He had no sooner risen to speak than Mr. Johnson advanced to the table, and hammering

## EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS.

To tomorrow's issue of "The Daily Mirror" will come a pictorial record of the great boxing contest between Jimmy Wilde and Young Symonds.

Order your copy to-day.

it with his fist, exclaimed: "Are you in favour of the war or against it?"

"When there is silence I can speak—" began the champion, and a torrent of shouting, in which the words "Answer" or "Yes or no?" were heard above the din.

### WOULD YOU ENLIST?

"No man—" "Will you answer the question?" shouted a member of the audience.

"I would enlist if you could this evening," demanded Mr. Johnson.

The chairman's answer was inaudible. It was drowned in a storm of derisive boozing.

A Scotsman, with lungs of leather, next attempted to speak. "As the son of a soldier, I claim the right to be heard," he bellowed.

"I got no further."

The speaker was plainly in no mood to listen to speeches and in the middle of a hastily-extemporised oration from an unknown member of the audience the chairman declared the meeting closed.

Then a young soldier jumped on to the table and began making an appeal for recruits. He was spoken to by an officer, whose action was misrepresented by the crowd.

Any fair inclination of the audience to linger in the hall was dispelled by the manifest presence in their midst of some electric snuff.

Sneezing, but still protesting, they surged through the corridors into Bishopsgate-street.

## WHEN HUSBAND RETURNED.

In the Divorce Court yesterday Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane granted the undefended petition of Mr. H. S. Wellcome, asking for the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of misconduct between his wife, Gwendoline, and the co-respondent, Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.

Mr. La Bas said petitioner was married in June, 1901, and lived happily with his wife at the New Kent Road, or other places. In 1909 while on a tour in America he had occasion to speak to his wife about another man (not the present co-respondent), and they separated under a deed in April, 1910.

In July last year on returning from abroad petitioner received certain information which led to this petition. It appeared that Mrs. Wellcome stayed at a Windsor hotel in July, 1915.

Petitioner, in his evidence, said his wife, under the deed of separation, had an allowance of £2,400 a year.

## OFFICER KILLED BY FALL FROM HORSE

The tragic death of Lieutenant Hugh Mossman, 4th Dragoon Guards, is reported from Crumlin, Northamptonshire.

His horse took fright at an approaching motor-lorry, and Lieutenant Mossman was thrown to the ground, receiving fatal injuries.

Deceased was chairman of the Cleveland Agricultural Society and agent for Ormsby Hall estate, near Middlesbrough.

# FAMOUS CRUISER ARETHUSA FINDS HER GRAVE IN THE NORTH SEA

Strikes a Mine Off East Coast—10 Lives Lost.

## WON FAME IN BIGHT.

Germans Claim More Successes in Furious Fighting in West.

## NEW ALSACE ATTACK.

### STRUCK A MINE.

The loss of the Arethusa by striking a mine off the East Coast will be greatly regretted by every Briton.

Known to everybody as the "Saucy Arethusa," the ship, which was launched in 1913, played a fine part in the Heligoland battle of the Bight. Her commander, Commodore Reginald G. Tyrwhitt, C.B., showed in that engagement that the spirit of Nelson burns as brightly as ever in the Navy. Happily the loss of life is not expected to exceed ten.

### CLEARING THE RING.

Fighting on the western front continues to develop at a furious pace.

The French, it is fairly clear, are making good use of mining operations near the village of Frise. Trenches have been occupied, a German company was decimated, and 100 prisoners were taken.

Apparently the Germans are strongest in the Champagne. There they claim to have captured a position 700 yards in extent and to have taken 300 prisoners. They also allege that they captured 400 yards of trenches near Aberscet.

### LORD KITCHENER SEES THE KING.

Last night's *Court Circular* stated that Lord Kitchener had an audience of the King yesterday. Lord Kitchener has just returned from a visit to the front.

### AIR WAR EVERYWHERE.

Aeroplanes are playing a part in nearly all theatres of war. On the western front the British have been in seventeen air fights, the Austrians have bombed several Italian towns and Kut has been bombed by the Turks.

## BORE BRUNT OF THE GREAT HELIGOLAND FIGHT.

It was in the battle of the Bight on August 28, 1914, that the Arethusa won fame.

On that occasion she carried the broad pennant of Commodore Tyrwhitt, commanding the flotillas of the First Fleet.

The Arethusa, leading the line of destroyers, was first attacked by two German cruisers and, as it was officially phrased at the time, was "sharply engaged" for thirty-five minutes at a range of 3,000 yards, with the result that she suffered some damage to her gun mountings, but drove off the two German cruisers, one of which she seriously injured with her 6in. guns.

Later that morning she engaged at intervals with other German vessels, which were encountered in the confused fighting that followed, and in company with the Fearless and the light cruiser squadron, contributed to the sinking of the cruiser Mainz.

### ONLY ONE GUN IN ACTION.

In these encounters the Arethusa's speed was reduced, and many of her guns were disabled.

At one o'clock she was about to be attacked by two other cruisers of the German Town class, when the battle cruiser squadron most opportunely arrived and pursued and sank these new antagonists.

In his dispatch Commodore Tyrwhitt related how at one time the Arethusa had only one 6in. gun in action, and that eventually her speed was reduced to six knots.

The next fighting appearance of the Arethusa was on Christmas Day, 1914, when British seaplanes achieved a victory in the roads of Cuxhaven. On that occasion the Arethusa and the Undaunted (a sister ship) easily drove off with their guns two Zeppelins.

The vessel was again to the fore in the North Sea battle of January last year, when the Blucher was sunk. It was the Arethusa which "finished off" the German ship with a torpedo.

Officially described as a battle cruiser of destroyers, the Arethusa was launched at Chatham Dockyard on October 25, 1913. Her total cost of construction was close upon £250,000.

She carried two 6in. and six 4in. guns, and torpedo tubes. She burned only oil fuel, and could steam thirty knots.

## LAST ADVENTURE OF THE ARETHUSA.

The Secretary of the Admiralty made the following announcement yesterday:

H.M.S. Arethusa (Commodore Reginald G. Tyrwhitt, C.B.) has struck a mine off the East Coast.

It is feared that she will become a total wreck.

About ten men have lost their lives.

## AIR BOMBS ON SEVERAL ITALIAN TOWNS.

### SIX DEATHS AT MILAN AND SIX CASUALTIES AT MONZA.

MILAN, Feb. 14.—About nine o'clock this morning a number of aeroplanes appeared over the town and were subjected to a hot fire by our anti-aircraft guns and were counterattacked by squadrons of our aviators.

The hostile machines retired after dropping some bombs. Six civilians were killed and some injured.—Reuter.

ROME, Feb. 14.—An official statement on the Austrian air raids says that at Monza the aeroplane dropped bombs on one man and wounding five. One bomb fell on the expository chapel of the late King Humbert.

Two incendiary bombs were dropped near Treviglio and three on Bergamo without doing any damage. At Brescia six aeroplanes attempted to fly over the city, but were driven off by anti-aircraft guns, and recrossed the frontier.

The bombardment of the chapel of King Humbert at Monza has aroused intense popular indignation.—Exchange.

## TURKISH FORT CAPTURED BY THE RUSSIANS.

### SIX GUNS AND NUMEROUS PRISONERS TAKEN IN PURSUIT.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL)

PETROGRAD, Feb. 14.—To-day's official communiqué says:—

Western Front.—A lively reciprocal fire continues between Clay and the Island of Dalmatia. Caucasus Front.—After the explosion caused the day before by our artillery in one of the Erzerum forts we captured the fort.

In the pursuit of the Turks our troops again took numerous prisoners.

They captured six guns and an important quantity of munitions.—Reuter.

## 17 BRITISH AIR FIGHTS.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Feb. 14.—The German wireless reports that forty British prisoners were captured in the fighting near Pilken. We have eleven men missing from this fighting, of whom eight are believed to have been killed.

These men were lost in pursuing the Germans back into their trenches.

Yesterday there were seventeen fights in the air. An account of one of these a large hostile double-engine machine was driven down in the enemy's lines.

The enemy has been very active in mining south of the La Bassée Canal, seven mines having been exploded by him in the past twenty-four hours.

South of Fosse 8 the mine explosions were preceded by heavy bombardment and followed by a small infantry attack.

A few men got into our front trench, but were immediately driven out by hand grenades.

Considerable losses were inflicted upon the enemy.

On December 8 another engagement took place between our camel riders and British cavalry.

The enemy was driven back.

On the night of December 16 heavy fighting took place near Mesnil de Mejeie.

The hostile forces were put to flight in the direction of Sheikh Osman and Hur.—Central News.

PA 450.



Lord Devonport speaking at the meeting held in the City for the purpose of calling on the Government to enforce an effective blockade of Germany. Mr. T. Gibson Bowles is seen on the speaker's right.

## 'STORMED 1,100 YARDS OF FRENCH LINE.'

Germans Claim Further Successes on Western Front.

## HUNS CAUGHT IN RING.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL)

PARIS, Feb. 14.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In Artois we exploded a mine to the south of the road from Neuville to La Folie.

South of the Somme an attack by our troops towards the close of yesterday on the German works to the south of Frise enabled us to occupy some portions of trenches. A counter-attack by the enemy was mown down by our fire.

A German company was surrounded by us and decimated. The captain and seventy survivors surrendered.

The total number of prisoners now in our hands is about 100. Several machine guns also remained in our hands.

According to the statements of prisoners, and judging by the number of German dead on the field, the enemy's losses were considerable.

In Champagne, in the course of the attack carried out by the enemy to the east of the Tardenois-Puisne road, we exploded three mines, prepared beforehand, and had succeeded in penetrating. His attempts to get up to our support trenches failed completely.

Notwithstanding serious losses caused by the explosion of our mines and by our artillery fire, the enemy maintained himself in these advanced elements.

On Upper Alsace yesterday evening a fresh action by the enemy infantry to the east of Seppois, caused by a violent bombardment, put the Germans in possession of about 200 yards of trenches.

An immediate counter-attack on our part gave us back the greater part of the ground.

The artillery actions continued to be very violent in this district.—Reuter.

## AIR RAID ON KUT.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL)

The War Office issued the following statement last night:—

MESOPOTAMIA.—A telegram received from the General Officer commanding the troops in Mesopotamia states that the weather has now cleared, and that he has received reports dated February 13, both from General Aylmer and from General Townsend that at Kut-el-Amara General Aylmer states that the situation is unchanged, and General Townsend reports that an aeroplane flew over Kut, dropping two bombs. No damage was done.

## DRIFTED WITH FOURTEEN DEAD COMRADES.

PARIS, Feb. 14.—The loss of the French cruiser Amiral Charner is confirmed.

Off the coast of Syria a raft has been found bearing fifteen seamen, only one of whom was alive.

This man said that the cruiser was torpedoed on the 8th inst. at seven o'clock in the morning.

The cruiser sank in a few minutes.—Reuter.

The crew of the Amiral Charner numbered 375.

## TURKS ATTACK BRITISH.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 14.—An official communiqué issued from Constantinople states:—

In the neighbourhood of Aden British troops entrenched there were attacked by Turks.

At some point the British retired to within range of the British naval guns.

During the early part of December two sections of our Camel Riders attacked an enemy post between Sheikh Osman and Hur.

Considerable losses were inflicted upon the enemy.

On December 8 another engagement took place between our camel riders and British cavalry.

The enemy was driven back.

On the night of December 16 heavy fighting took place near Mesnil de Mejeie.

The hostile forces were put to flight in the direction of Sheikh Osman and Hur.—Central News.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL)

PARIS, Feb. 14.—This evening's official communiqué says:—

In Belgium our artillery blew up an ammunition depot north of Boesinghe.

North of Soissons yesterday evening, after a fierce fight, the enemy infantry attempted to debouch in the Ternois valley and the right bank of the Aisne. They were immediately stopped by our curtain and infantry fire.

At the Plateau of Vaucelles our artillery effectively shelled a salient of the German line.

### CAUGHT BY CURTAIN FIRE.

In Champagne there were very sharp artillery actions in the districts of Talmont, Messigny and Noyarin, but there was no infantry attack.

In Upper Alsace, east of Seppois, an intense bombardment was carried out by the enemy against the advanced trench elements which we had retaken during the night. We had evacuated these positions which were entirely wrecked.

In the same region our curtain fire caught enemy reinforcements which were attempting to advance in small parties coming from Niederaubem.—Reuter.

## ENEMY STORMS 700 YARDS OF FRENCH TRENCH.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL)

BERLIN, Feb. 14.—German Main Headquarters report this afternoon:—

Lively artillery fights continued over a great portion of the front. During the night the enemy directed his fire again on Lens and Lievin.

South of the Somme stubborn fights developed around an advance saphead in our position. We gave up the surrounding attack on the outpost trenches.

In the Champagne enemy counter-attacks made south of St. Marie were entirely repulsed. North-west of Toulouse we wrested from the French by a storming attack a position 700 yards in extent.

The enemy left seven officers and over 300 prisoners in our hands, and lost three machine guns and five mine-throwers. Hand-grenade fighting east of Maison de Champagne has come to a standstill.

South of Lusse, east of St. Die, we destroyed by a mine charge of an enemy position.

At Vézelois, near the French frontier, our troops captured the French trenches over a front of about 400 yards and repulsed night counter-attacks.

We took a few dozen prisoners and captured two machine guns and three mine-throwers.

Balkan Theatre.—The position is unchanged.

—Wireless Press.

# KEEP YOUR SKIN CLEAR.



SEND FOR THE FREE  
SAMPLES OF  
**VEGETINE PILLS**  
**VEGETINE SOAP**  
AND THE BOOKLET  
"SKIN TROUBLES AND  
THEIR CURE."

Your Skin Trouble worries you. Get rid of it quickly. You can do this by taking VEGETINE PILLS.

The bad places on your face or body will be quickly removed.

VEGETINE PILLS cure from within. That is why they cure. By taking these

pills you can quickly get rid of eczema, pimples, blackheads, blotches, acne, sores, boils, spots, and all other skin complaints.

## ADVICE.

Give up using ointments and lotions for your skin complaint or your bad complexion. Take the trouble seriously. Cure it from within. Do you wish to be cured of eczema? Is your skin blotchy? Are your cheeks rough or sore? Do you suffer from irritating spots or ugly pimples? If so, there are impurities in your system which must be got rid of. No outward application will help you. But if you take VEGETINE PILLS they will cure you.

## 3 FREE GIFTS.

We shall be pleased to send you a sample box of VEGETINE PILLS absolutely free.

This sample will be sufficient to prove to you that VEGETINE PILLS can cure you of your troubles.

Mention this paper, and enclose only two penny stamps for postage, and write now for the free sample to THE DAVID MACQUEEN COMPANY, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

With the free box of pills we will also send you a free sample tablet of VEGETINE SOAP and the booklet, "Skin Troubles and Their Cure."

## WARNING.

If you suffer from any kind of skin trouble, be very careful what toilet soap you use. Inferior soaps are positively dangerous. You will be advised to use only VEGETINE SOAP, which is specially prepared for delicate and sensitive skins. It is free from all impurities and irritating chemical substances, and it is the ideal soap for the skin.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores. VEGETINE PILLS, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-; VEGETINE SOAP, 9d. per tablet, or direct, carriage paid, from the proprietors,  
THE DAVID MACQUEEN COMPANY, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

## FACT!

No matter how much or how quickly the thermometer may vary

## CAMP'

### COFFEE

is always the same. Cools in warm weather, warms in cool weather. Delights, refreshes, and invigorates in all weathers.

R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd.,  
Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

## WINTER

WINTER'S  
CAMP

# Foster Clark's

2d. packet makes 1½ pints of Rich Non-Alcoholic Bouillon, 1 lb. Green Peas, Mulligatawny, Pea, Lentil (Tomato 2d.)

Easy to make—only water to add.

Send one in every parcel to your Soldier Boy.

## 2d. SOUPS



THE DOCTOR says:

"My best prescription for coughs and colds, depressed spirits and ruffled tempers is Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe. No charge, my dear lady—I give the prescription, away, and if I lose a patient, I gain a friend. Keep a tin handy."

"It's as good as a medicine chest for both old and young."

Sugar and cream and butter blended into one delicious whole! Try Mackintosh's Mint de Luxe, Cafe de Luxe, and Chocolate de Luxe—all very 'de Luxe'."

18ct. Gold. 9ct. Gold. 6ct. Hallmarked Gold. Very heavy.

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It means enormous savings

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COLD ECUKLE KEFER.

Set with 2 Diamonds

and 2 Blue Jaspes

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COLD ECUK

# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1916.

## MICAWBER AND MARK TAPLEY

A NEW session of this Parliament to-day—and naturally our optimist friends tell us "we must assume" that it will accomplish more than the last did; the grounds of such assumption being that the last did *not* accomplish more than the one before it. Therefore—don't you see?—this one *must* be going to get to work.

We have what is called, by a current euphemism, a National Government—that is, a Government composed almost entirely of elderly lawyers drawn from both political parties in no sense representative of National ability. "Let us hope," then, or let us "assume," that these elderly men will suddenly grow young again. Not to believe in such miracles is to lack faith and to be guilty of "higher criticism" at this time.

Plenty of our readers wrote to us very crossly this time last year, when we ventured to disagree with those who said then that the war was nearly over.

The same sort of reader still writes to us very crossly on the same theme.

But was the war ended last year? Is it over? Is it all *maya*, illusion? No doubt it is, philosophically. Poetically, no doubt, it is but one of those dreams

### The drowsy gods

Breath on the blemished mirror of the world. And then smooth out with ivory hands and sigh. But then, also it is such a nasty nightmareish real sort of dream that we want it to be over swiftly. Like Dr. Johnson and unlike Mr. Belloc, we feel it's there. We say: "Confound it, Sir, they're still fighting," when the Belloc school tells us, either that it's over, or else that, all the Germans being dead, 'only ghosts are hammering on the West and East. And so those of our Brahmanistic readers who hold the heresy (as we think it) that the war ended last year must endure still to hear from us that it is not even beginning to end, so far as any definite matter-of-fact signs exist as symptoms.

And we on our side venture to be bold enough, and low and vulgar enough, to claim that our readers who wrote to us last year, and pointed out that Colonel Mark Tapley, C.B., had guaranteed there'd be no winter campaign, *were wrong*, and that the two Dickens characters on whom they pinned their faith then must now be put back into Dickens's books.

One is Mark Tapley, sitting down before a bad thing and calling it a good one.

The other is Micawber expecting something to turn up. "We shan't win by our leaders (such people admit) because they are too old. We shan't win by our generalship because we haven't any. We shan't win by air, because our leaders regard the air as a side issue. We shan't win by sea, because neutrals won't let us. We shan't win by money, because the Government won't force people to save, knowing well that, if it did so, people might at last get annoyed with the Government. We shan't win by men because we can't afford them."

Then how shall we win?

By a miracle? By rumour and rumourism? By Germany "crumpling up"? By the Kaiser dying?

In one word, by Micawberism—by waiting for something to turn up.

W. M.

### SONG.

She is not fair to outward view

As many maidens be;

Her looks are not to be known,

Until she smiles on me;

Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,

A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold.

To mine they ne'er reply,

And yet I cease not to behold

The love-light in her eye;

Her smile from me is far,

Than smiles of other maidens are.

—HARTLEY COLESIDE.

## CIVILIANS IN THE FIRING LINE.

### ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK COATS AMONGST THE KHAKI.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

THE civilian in the firing line is the canary among the sparrows, and no tame bird released from captivity has a more humiliating time.

To be sure, it is very difficult for him to get there at all—almost impossible nowadays unless his mission be exceptional; but for all that he does appear from time to time, and an odd enough figure he cuts, as all bear witness.

He has landed, we will suppose, at X and placed to work by a friendly motor-car. He has a loaded pass and he knows that it is worth much more than its weight in gold. Let him lose it and he may be shot without ceremony against the nearest wall. Even armed with

that he may quickly find himself in a very warm corner from which nothing but a plumb and coolness will save him.

He witnessed an instance of the kind in a northern town which it is unnecessary to name.

A car stood outside a hospital with a black-coated individual therein. The officer was inside the building: the civilian was alone. Suddenly a friend of ours a mob gathered about the motor. Fierce shouts were raised. The wretched Englishman heard the ominous threat "a-la lauterne."

### THE TOP HAT.

It really was extraordinary how many people appeared without premeditation, and how exceedingly angry they were. Happily, the black-hatted man preserved his sang-froid, and having regarded the crowd contemptuously for some moments, he lifted the cushion of his chair and threw it over the military pair of them, and thrust it under the noses of his tormentors. It acted like magic. Where twenty had been clamouring for his blood fifty were now taking off their hats to him. There had been a German spy through the town yes-

so long as promotion to big commands in the British Army goes by seniority there seems to be small chance of our winning the war on land.

As to the blockade, it would help. But I disagree with "W. M." that it would win. The Germans are sufficiently ingenious to be able to "live on their own" for a long time. And what does Prussia care if women and children starve?

L. N.

### IN FRANCE.

OUR splendid French Allies seem to trust old men as much as we do. Does "W. M." not think they may know something about the war?

Would Napoleon have a chance with them 40-day?

A. L. E.  
Buckingham Palace-mansions, S.W.

### AGE AND YOUTH.

IF parents would only remember that they themselves were children once and try to look at matters from a child's point of view they would be much more successful in dealing with the child problem.

As it is, the parents do not understand the children, neither do the children understand the parents, and the result is an unhappy one.

FOND OF CHILDREN.

### AWKWARD QUESTIONS.

ABROPOS the awkward questions put by children. The other day I was playing at "animals" with a little boy.

I had been every kind of a beast from a cow to a grizzly bear, when Bobby paused a while, evidently he looked up, a gleam of inspiration in his eye. "Have you ever been a donkey?" he inquired.

My answer was affirmative in a double sense!

BIDDY.

### STARS AND ZEPPELINS.

"T. H." writes: "Apropos of stars, I wonder if it is peculiar to the Midlanders to call the Great Bear 'by the name of'—"

"The Butcher's Cleaver"? I do not know about the Great Bear, but I have known the Little Bear to be called the Butcher's Bill by country people in the North Riding of York-shire all my life.

"Bill" is a common name for "cleaver".

E. S. CARTER.

### IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 14.—The Cornelius cherry (*Cornus Mas*) is an interesting shrub to have in the garden at this season, for during February it is a fine less blossoms.

*Cornus alba* is another valuable dogwood, since its stems are a brilliant red colour during the winter. This shrub should be well back about April. Rugged biflorous (two-white-washed bramble), with its white canes, is also decorative now.

E. F. T.

## CHILD AND GROWN-UP: CONTRASTS.—NO. 3.



"If I keep on the move," says young Bob, "Dad tells me I'm a nuisance. If I keep still Mum says I'm lazy. That's just like the grown-ups!" —(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

he may have some unpleasant quarters of an hour.

But with an officer in the car the thing is fairly plain sailing. It is true that many heads are turned, many exclamations uttered as the civilian goes by. Guards at the barriers, who but half open their eyes when the cars of the Etat-Major go by, are all alert at the approach of the man in the black coat. They listen to the password with bent ear; or if the passes had been known, they scrutinise the familiar person with disengaging eyes. At the civilian himself they frown at some black cloud in a cerulean heaven. What the deuce is he doing in that galley?

The officer in the car this black-coated intruder is just a great baby who must be tended as any mother's darling. His ridiculous life is supposed in some ways to be precious. No, he must not be allowed to go in those trenches which are as safe as the Savoy Hotel. He must be treated as a kind of invalid—a delicate object of martial pity. And yet he must be shown things and sent back home feeling the devil of a warrior.

Perhaps it is only fair to the civilian to say

they wanted to hang somebody.

This quick suspicion is provoked by the civilian even among soldiers. I remember driving one day near the "most ruined" village in Flanders. We passed a number of artillerymen with an officer behind them. Instantly they halted and watched us with jealous eyes. "What's he?" they asked. "That man is French," said one. "He must be a spy." "We ought to question them." The latter advice probably would have been taken had not their officer suddenly recognised ours, who is one of the best-known figures in Belgium.

Sometimes the soldier friend will endeavour to persuade the civilian to dispense with the article of dress which is aggressively non-military. He will be advised politely to choose some other type of headgear than a bowler hat, and not to wear the kind of fur coat which suggests that he has killed hogs in Chicago. I am not suggesting, of course, that any attempt will be made to dress him in mock uniform, for that would be a direct offence against all law and order; but there are degrees of absurdity, and

the silk hat surely is the ninetieth degree where the fighting line is concerned. Yet it has appeared in the trenches, as we know, and distinguished officials have donned it within view of the Huns, and it has even been potted at playfully as a ridiculous thing.

This "pot-hat" practice endures for some days after the departure of the big brigades, primarily responsible for it. Whence the men get the tiles, heaven only knows; but get them they do, and mount them upon sticks and set them up for the amusement of the Hun abroad. And he blazes away merrily, not knowing, as the Irishman said, that this particular hat is a thing of guile and full of emptiness.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done. And if you send one person, only one, happily through each day that is 365 in the year. —Sidney Smith.

## SERVICE IN A SHELL-BATTERED CHURCH.

g 149118



The village choir and soldiers singing a hymn of thanksgiving in a wrecked church near the battle front in France.

### IN CASE OF A ZEPPELIN RAID.

P 705B



While some would be carrying out the wounded—

P 705B



—Others would be busy with pail and hose.  
The officer commanding a Red Cross hospital near London gives his nursing staff fire drill in case the building should be bombed by enemy aircraft.  
They are now efficient firemen.

### SISTER TO EDIT REVIEW

P 265D

P 912B



Mr. John Stead, son of the late Mr. W. T. Stead, who has joined the Army, and his sister Estelle, who will take his place as editor of the "Review of Reviews" until his return. Their father, it will be remembered, conducted the paper.—(Claude Harris.)

### A SILHOUETTE FROM SULVA.

P 1710H



Nearly everyone is in the grip of the early morning cup of tea habit, and the soldiers always welcomed it at the Dardanelles. This man was up before the sun to get the brew ready.—(Official photograph.)

## THE IRREPRESS



An Australian soldier bringing in a wounded comrade as they made their way down the beach.

SIR G.



Sir George  
Gibson, K.C.B.,  
of Cooch Behar,  
who died in  
He was a  
National Pe

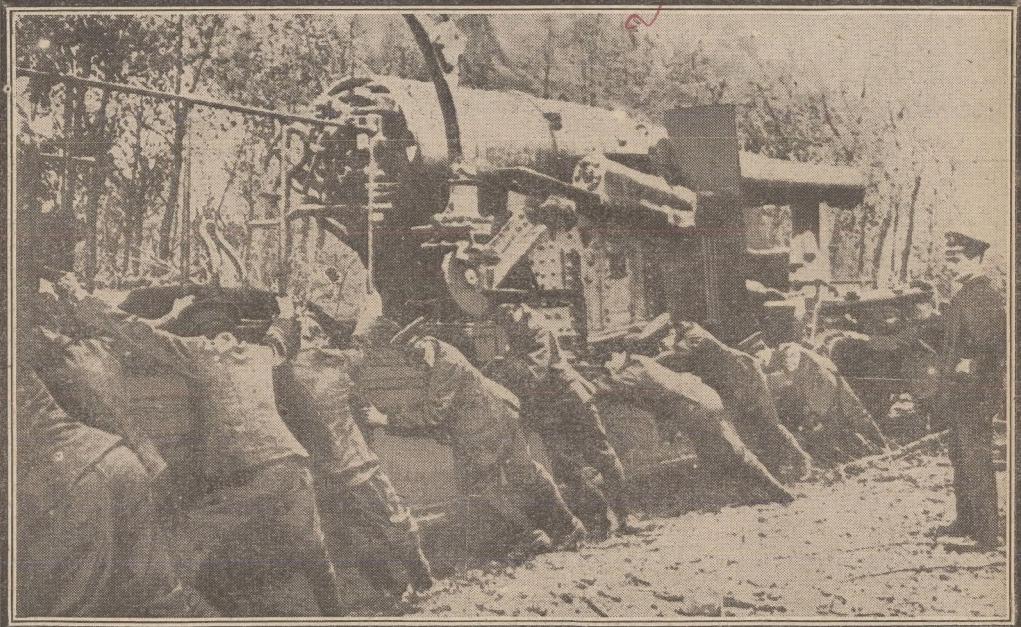
## LES AT ANZAC.



made to hospital. The men were cracked front.—(Official photograph from the es.)

AGNELL.

## A MONSTER BRITISH GUN AT THE FRONT.



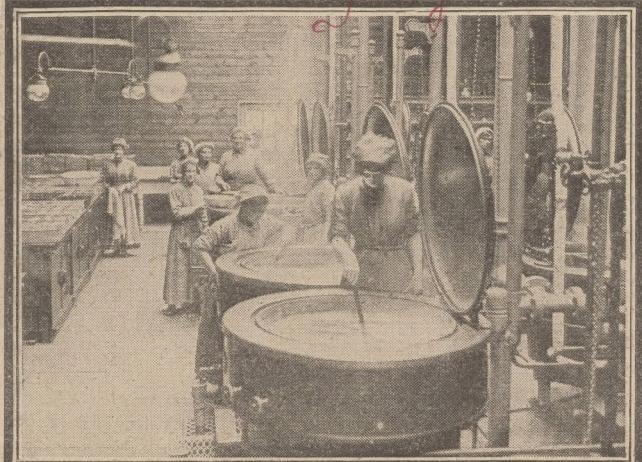
When the soldiers have got this huge weapon to move it will run easily along the rails. But it takes some starting.

## NEW HEIR TO A PEERAGE.



Lieutenant the Hon. Lionel St. Aubyn, who, as the result of two of his brothers being killed at the front, becomes heir-presumptive to Lord St. Levan. His wife is a sister of the Earl of Morley. They were married last year.—(Langfier.)

## NO MORE WASTE IN THE ARMY.



These huge coppers are full of soup for the soldiers. The cooks are members of the Women's Legion, who are doing splendid service by fighting waste in the Army. It is work women are best able to perform.

I, head of the  
nd Company,  
an yesterday,  
an of the  
Association.  
(e.)

## "DERBYITES" BUILD A HOSPITAL.



The "Derbyites," who wear their armlets at work.



The hospital will be completed before long.

Chingford "Derbyites" are building a hospital, which Mr. T. S. Armstrong is having erected in his grounds. The residents are contributing to its maintenance and equipment.

# 12 Patterns FREE



Note the deep cuff and the slightly wrapped-over front—two important points in the Spring fashions. The pattern is as simple as a pattern can be. There's hardly any work in it at all. You will find this perfect pattern inside to-day's Woman's Weekly. One Penny.



Pleats at the side, making it flow out. Although it is the latest fashion, it won't go out of fashion for a long time to come. The pattern and eleven other splendid patterns are Woman's Weekly free gifts to you!

## Huge Gift—A Complete Spring Outfit

Woman's Weekly, the popular penny Tuesday paper, is (beginning to-day) giving away twelve perfect paper patterns—a Complete Spring Outfit!

Buy Woman's Weekly to-day, and see for yourself what really splendid patterns there are in this set of twelve.

We can only show, here, five of these Spring patterns—you will see the others in this week's Woman's Weekly.

Woman's Weekly costs you one penny—the patterns cost you nothing—they are given away inside the paper.

## £100 AS WELL!

Woman's Weekly is also giving away, this week, £100 to people who are interested in Dress and Home Dressmaking. Buy this week's Woman's Weekly, and see for yourself why "Five minutes' work may bring you many, many pound notes!"



You couldn't find a more sensible Overall to wear than this— you certainly couldn't find an easier one to make. Make it—the Woman's Weekly pattern will show you how. Buy Woman's Weekly each week, and get all twelve patterns free.



There are going to be more "Roll Collar" blouses this year than ever before. The smart shops are selling these "Roll Collar" blouses at big prices. Make this one yourself at quarter the cost, with the help of the perfect pattern which Woman's Weekly is giving away!



Useful—sensible—pretty—attractive—economical—lasting. That's what this Jumper Frock is! Use the pattern from Woman's Weekly to give away. Anybody can make this best of all Spring frocks.

TO-DAY'S

# WOMAN'S WEEKLY

THE PAPER THAT IS GIVING AWAY 12 PAPER PATTERNS

1d

# LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

## New Readers Begin Here.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**OLIVE CHAYNE**, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

**RICHARD HEATHCOTE**, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

**RUPERT HEATHCOTE**, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

**OLIVE CHAYNE** is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory that she would give the world to forget stir restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her.

Her memories carried her back to a garden. The Heathcotes were giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa.

Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very kindly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the scene repeats itself. She realises that the night in the garden. She had shown him all her heart then... this man who had only been philandering. And then he had walked away and left her.

Then there was the now familiar scene come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

But now, after all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. In a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him.

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all. Then the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock Olive Chayne realises that she must break off the vain. Without hesitating, she sends a cable to Heathcote saying that the letter was a mistake and that he is coming out at once.

Olive is very worried. In Durbar, a little town on the coast of West Africa, Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He comes forward casually, and begins to apologise for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible truth is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man—she had missed the signature of the letter.

She is shocked, depressed with Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her horrors are revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent to him. He refuses to give it to her.

Off goes Dick, making his way up the bumpy road to their home. Rupert tells her that it will be wise for her not to go against his wishes.

One evening Rupert cannot control himself. As he comes into his arms Dick enters the room. Not a word is said, but Dick's movements are strange in his manner. There is an angry argument, and Rupert blurts out the truth, and shows Richard Olives letter.

Dick is dumbfounded, but controls himself. To add to the situation, a cable arrives saying that the property has been sold to a new owner named Brydon, and all staff must go. Dick wanders into the forest to think, and finds a woman traveller who has lost her way. She turns out to be "Brydon."

### THE RETURN.

EVEN up in the bungalow, where the grass plains gave free access to the cool wind which sometimes swept mercifully across from the distant line of the imprisoning hills, it was a night of moist, unbearable heat.

The doors and windows all stood open wide, and the light from the lamps in certain rooms threw brilliant pathways of yellow radiance across the darkness of the verandah and the surround. The moon, which for the past week had been at the full, flooding the earth with its marvellous tropical splendour, was invisible, and its mysterious absence served to emphasise the miles-blanketing of the sky that seemed to be hanging like a tangible thing between the sight and the real world.

In the big living room, dimly lit by a single lamp because of the heat, Olive and Rupert Heathcote sat in perfect silence. The man was pretending to read, but the eyes that followed the printed lines with mechanical exactness conveyed no message to the brain. All that he

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

was conscious of was the tragic figure of the woman who sat waiting.

Since Richard Heathcote had strode away from the office in the compound yesterday morning, no news had been heard from him. He had simply disappeared, as men not infrequently do disappear in Africa, into the unknown.

To Olive the uncertainty concerning him was an agony. Knowing nothing of the scene which had taken place between Rupert and her husband, his absence was all the more alarming and inexplicable. She was convinced that some accident had occurred... her heart was torn with fears that she dared not speak of as mention to her husband might bring him here.

Rupert professed to be as amazed and uneasy as she was herself, but, very naturally, it was not possible for them to discuss the absent man. The memory of the passionate scene that had occurred in this very room so short a while before lay between them like a sheeted horror.

Olive had taken up some knitting ad a refuge against the irritability of her overstrained nerves. Its mechanical repetition soothed them as nothing else could have done. It is a nerve cure that is older than cigarette-smoking or drug-sipping.

What had happened to Dick? And, if anything dreadful had happened... how was she to live... how was she to fight against her secret fear of this man, who was so still and quiet beside her, standing at the book whose letters he never turned?

These thoughts, in varying forms, wove themselves into the work she did.

Rupert's silence and constrained courtesy ever since yesterday morning had in no way reassured her. She realised very well that he was far too clever a man to endeavour to force himself upon her at such a time. For—if anything had happened to Dick—she could not bear the recoil would be too horrible—that was how he would argue with himself. She knew that as though he spoke his thoughts aloud.

As these thoughts shot across the web her frightened brain was weaving, she felt that she hated the man.

Suddenly the click of the needles stopped.

Olive started to her feet, her work grasped tightly in either hand.

"What's that?" she whispered tensely.

"Rupert's what's that?"

Rupert laid down his book and listened.

To him it seemed as though the prolonged silence had deepened; the occasional long sobbing breath of the hot wind that swept round the verandah served only to heighten the succeeding stillness. He shook his head.

But the wind spoke to him with a thousand voices—voices that whispered of things that made him thrill with secret fears, secret exhalations. If something had happened to Dick—if Fate had sent aside the barrier that stood so rigidly between this woman he loved and himself!

There were other thoughts too—mean thoughts that crept out of the corners and ways and means. Only Dick were out of the way, he need have no financial fears; there was a gold mine here in Africa ready to his hand... he was hardly aware of what he had said.

The doctor muttered strange imprecations under his breath as he went in search of Rupert and of the hospitality Richard had borne to offer.

Richard locked himself into his office and sat down with his head on his hands.

Was it Africa that was killing Olive or the unnatural strain that was imposed upon her by the tangle he had all unwittingly wrought in her life?

She was so good—so splendid. Never for a moment did he blame her for the step that was to ruin all chance of happiness for himself.

She had acted as an honourable woman should. She had striven to give him all that he might desire in the woman he married...

The bitterness of the sting lay there.

She had succeeded so well—she had deceived him so utterly. He felt a shame in her presence, the shame of a man who knows that a woman has looked right down into his naked heart.

There was no reason now why she should not go home. The result of that odd fantastic meeting with Anita Beresford in the forest had been to better his position immeasurably. No fears as to ways and means now! Olive could go back to his mother's house—old—or to a flat of her own in town if she so wished, and live as he would desire his wife to live.

But what of the future? What of Rupert's life and his own? He felt that he could not endure it if Rupert, too, were to go home... Not that he doubted Olive, he told himself, hastily. Only, to think of this other man who loved her, who were always beside her... seeing her, touching her hand... while he remained out here in this land that was under a curse for him now.

With an effort he forced back the thoughts that were crowding in on him. If he allowed himself to think of all this he would go mad. All that he must think of was Olive's health, Olive's well-being...

He stood and unlocked the door. He must go to her now and get the wrench of telling her the doctor's decision over.

Her voice sounded weary as she bade him

round she had known no one, but had lain talking, not of Africa or the things of Africa—Dick Heathcote had been profoundly thankful for that—but of England and the days of her childhood, happy memories of the rambling gardens on the Cornish coast.

Rupert had ridden off for Dr. McGinnis with out waiting for instructions—or permission—to do so, and, in spite of all, Dick was grateful for this too.

Now after an interval of nearly a week a letter had given his verdict. Africa had all but claimed yet another innocent victim. If she were to be cheated at all it could only be by sending her home before she could injure her any more.

"Well, it's hard on you, Heathcote, I'll grant you that," the doctor said.

He took out an old-fashioned horn snuffbox and inserted a masterly pinch into his wide nostrils. He was rather a repulsive-looking old man, with the tale of his life written large on his face; but to Olive he had been beautiful, as though he were a great bearer of good tidings, for it was to her first that he had broached the subject of leaving Africa.

"Oh, I should love to go home—love to!" she had said earnestly. "Africa—makes me afraid. But—Dick—I'm afraid there's no chance of us going back yet."

Then the doctor had lied to her after the privileged fashion of his kind.

"I don't know about that score," he had said. "Dick's been talking of going home for some time back. Even if so be that he should not be able to go back with you, he'll follow you in a few weeks."

Now as he looked at Richard Heathcote the doctor felt these falsehoods, as it were, coming home to roost. Heathcote had changed in some inexplicable way. He seemed to be entirely indifferent to the information that had been given to him. All through his wife's illness his manner had been very far from that of a man newly wed.

Thinking of certain wistful glances he had surprised in the eyes of his patient, those lovely eyes that were grey and blue like the sea, Dr. McGinnis felt a virtuous indignation against Richard's rise in him.

"How can a man be stricken dumb, man?" he demanded testily. "D'ye not hear what I'm tellin' you about that wife o' yours?"

He quailed before the look on the face Dick took.

"It's as well for you and your kind that I am dumb," Dick said savagely. "Mrs. Heathcote will return to England as soon as she is able to travel. I don't require you to teach me my duty towards my wife."

He had flung the mangled cigarette on the clay of the compound; now he ground it savagely underfoot. The torture of the past week seemed to have culminated in that moment. He was hardly aware of what he had said.

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(Continued on page 14.)



BABY ORME.

## Marvellous Building Power of Virol.

A Co., 8th Batt.,  
Lancashire Fusiliers,  
Dardanelles.

Dear Sir,

Our daughter, Grace, age 11 months, has been practically brought up on Virol from a fortnight after birth, and we can assure you of what marvellous building properties this Virol consists. My wife is always being asked, "What do you feed her on?" Even strangers have stopped and remarked, "What a fine baby!" You have no idea what a pleasant surprise I received when I came home to see such a fine daughter, which I solely attribute to Virol.

Yours sincerely,  
DRUMMER J. M. ORME.

# VIROL

In Measles and Whooping Cough Virol should be given to children of whatever age. Virol increases their power of resistance and recovery and strengthens them against dangerous after effects.

In Glass & Stone Jars, 1/-, 1/8 & 2/11.  
VIROL, LTD., 152-163, Old Street, E.C.

## TO CURE CHRONIC STOMACH TROUBLES.

### GOOD ADVICE BY A SPECIALIST,

If you are troubled with Acidity, sharp pains in the Stomach, belching of gas, heat sous Stomach, or if your food is only partially digested and lies like a load in your Stomach, and causes Constipation or Liver trouble, go to a good chemist and get an ounce or two of Carmarmole compound, and take about 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water 3 times a day after meals. A half glass of hot water should also be taken each morning before breakfast, so as to wash out the Stomach and keep it clean.

Carmarmole compound draws the heat from your body which sour your food and prevents it from digesting, and the hot water will wash out the stomach and expel it. Even after a few days' treatment you will feel decidedly better, and be able to eat what you like without any feeling of discomfort. Your breath will become sweet and clean—your complexion clearer—brighter—and your general strength will be greatly increased.

Hundreds of people who have been unable to find relief from the usual old-time Stomach remedies have found a permanent cure for their trouble in this simple Recipe.—(Advt.)

## ALCOHOL AND DRUG HABIT.

A Genuine Home Cure.

The Hutton-Dixon Vegetable Antidote is endorsed and recommended by doctors and clergymen as an effective and safe remedy. It contains no narcotics, quinine, similar drugs. Immediate results are easily obtained, sleeplessness removed, clear brain and pleasant interval of all disease or debility. It cures for all kinds of alcoholism, drink and opium addiction. Price 1/- per bottle. Send for sample.

Send for the New FREE Booklet of this great Paris Creation, which has revolutionised modern corsetry. Inexpensive and comfortable, made of French Cossatot, and also a good chintz.

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The construction of science and hygiene. Every lady who values her appearance should have particular care of this useful corset. Outlasts from 3 to 6 of cheaper makes.

THE GÉNIE CORSET CO., 70, Fulham Rd., London, S.W.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

## Six By-Elections.

I hear from a very good source that we are likely to have quite a crop of by-elections (possibly half a dozen) in the near future. Two of them will be in St. Pancras and Cheshire, whose members, Mr. Martin and Mr. Francis Neilson (both Liberals) have been out of the country for some time. Four other members are desirous of resigning their seats, and I'm told that the Whips are trying to fix things up.

## The Address in the Lords.

The Earl of Clarendon and Lord Muir Mackenzie, who are respectively to move and second the Address in the House of Lords to-day, are not very well known to the public, although a good many people will remember the former for his activity in organising the Primrose League when he was Lord Hyde. Lord Muir Mackenzie was permanent private secretary to the Lord Chancellor for nearly forty years. What a book his reminiscences would make!

## Air Chat.

Once again I met the late Mile End rivals chatting together yesterday. And, of course, they were talking air. Mr. Pemberton Billing was discussing his new book on aerial warfare and Mr. Warwick Brookes was considering the speech on the Air Service which he is going to deliver in the House of Commons.

## Short-sighted John.

I was speaking to a friend of mine who was one of the first three members of the "House" who took a serious view of aviation in its earliest stages. He told me that the one member who laughed him to scorn loudest was none other than Mr. John Burns.

## Annan Bryce's Son.

I met young Mr. Annan Bryce the other day. He was out with Lady Paget's unit in Serbia, as orderly at one time, and is now at the Foreign Office. He is very clever, with a great gift of languages.

## Looking After Our Banking in Italy.

Mrs. Annan Bryce read me a letter recently from her husband, who is at present in Italy. Mr. Annan Bryce (Lord Bryce's brother) is endeavouring, I understand, to consolidate French and British banking interests in Italy in order to oust the German influence, hitherto paramount there. Success to him!

## A Fan Story.

An exquisite fan was shown me the other day which has quite a pretty history. It belonged to Lady Margaret Graham, née Margaret Compton, daughter of Lord Northampton, and has been given by her to the Red Cross to be sold at the great sale which takes place during the first week in April at Christie's. How the fan became her property happened in this wise.

## A Souvenir.

Miss Compton went with her father to Spain when he carried the Order of the Garter to King Alfonso's father, Maria Cristina, now the dowager Queen, was at the time using a hand-painted fan, with the royal crown and the Queen's initials, "M. C." in diamonds. When the Queen realised that Miss Compton's initials were the same as her own, "M. C.", she gave her the fan.

## Now Playing for Empire.

I hear that Mrs. Laurence Hanray, the actress, is now making shells in a munition factory "somewhere in Britain." She played some time ago with Charles Hawtrey in the name of Dorothy O'Neill. Her husband is Laurence Hanray, leader of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre.

## Enjoyed It.

The Marchioness of Ripon, who looks more beautiful than ever now that her hair is white, had a party of soldier-lads in her box at the Kingsway Theatre the other afternoon, and they seemed to much enjoy "L'Enfant Prodigue" and their tea. Lady Ripon is in charge of the comforts at the King George Hospital, and is fairy godmother to the patients there.

Mrs. Laurence Hanray.

## Her "First Appearance" in the Part.

I do believe Miss Cicely Courtneidge was more nervous at her wedding yesterday than at any first night of one of her father's new productions. I know, because the lilies of the valley in her shower bouquet were nodding vigorously with excitement as she stood with her father on arriving at St. Paul's Church, Hampstead.

## Pink and White.

The bride's little sister, Rosaline, and Miss Finucane, who is playing with her in "The Light Blues," wore pretty pink bridesmaids' frocks with pink rose-trimmed hats and gold lockets, on which the date of St. Valentine's Day was inscribed and in which will be placed the photographs of bride and bridegroom. The bride herself, in her short, lacy frock with pearl rope round the waist, and tulle veil, looked very young and happy, and her sister carried the long lace train.

## Sugar and Bells.

It was a merry party afterwards at the Langham, where Mr. and Mrs. Hubert received their friends and the bride cut her double-tier cake with its basket of sugary flowers and three wedding bells. Both the reception-room and luncheon-tables were gay with pink carnations and tulips and, in addition to Mr. Robert Courtneidge and Dr. and Mrs. Hubert, were Mr. and Mrs. Shaun Glenville (Miss Dorothy Ward) and Mr. Edmund Gwen, who rushed back to the north in the afternoon, Miss Ada Blanche, Miss Isabel Jay and Miss Phyllis Broughton.

## In the Red Cross.

This is Miss Vera Arkwright, who is considered to be one of the most beautiful Red Cross nurses that the social world has given

P5447



Miss Vera Arkwright.

to the war. At present she is home on leave from the front, where she has been nursing ever since the war began in the hospital at Neuilly. She will be returning to her duties shortly.

## The Primrose Party.

It is a long time since I have enjoyed a party so much as I did the delightful gathering which Miss Peggy Primrose gave to celebrate her birthday at the Savoy. Miss Primrose looked exquisite in a frock of early Victorian design. I'm sorry I cannot describe it for you.

## Informal.

Everything was informal, and so everybody was happy. Mile. Delysia sang us four songs in her own perfect style. She was in silver and blue, and looked radiant, despite her strenuous film work. And you ought to have seen the comic dances of Miss Simeta Marsden! They are wonders.

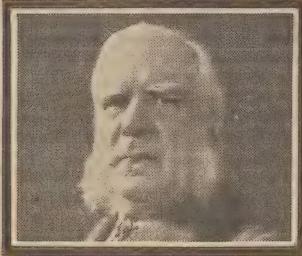
## A Fine Performance.

Miss Enid Bell, who looked like a Grecian goddess with ivy leaves on her red-gold hair, recited for us "The Hell Gate of Soissons." It was a splendid performance. Miss Bell is touring now with "Ready Money," but I think she pines a bit for London. And London pines, too.

## Wanted a Ring.

Very appropriately to St. Valentine's Day the first sight that met my eye yesterday morning at about nine o'clock was a hurried young officer trying to find a shop open where he could purchase a wedding ring. Not only that—he was also seeking for a suitable best man. It was Captain John Ainslie, who was married a few hours later to the daughter of Sir Charles Stewart-Wilson. Captain Ainslie had only arrived in the morning from Egypt. Hence the lack of wedding ring and best man.

P426A



Sir Edward Clarke.

## Sir Edward in the House.

Many happy returns to Sir Edward Clarke, who is seventy-five to-day. I was fortunate enough to hear the last speech, or one of the last, Sir Edward made in the House of Commons. It was very late at night, and the fiscal question was under discussion.

## A Sensational Speech.

The great K.C., a picturesque figure in evening dress, stood up at the box on the Opposition side of the table, and started his Front Bench colleagues with a sensational speech against tariff reform. It was that speech which, more than anything else, led to the severance of his political connection with the City of London.

## Temper Colds.

Not for years has London suffered from such an epidemic of colds. Every other person you meet is talking about cinnamon and ammoniated tincture, and chemists are doing a roaring trade. My doctor tells me that the present epidemic consists of "temper colds," i.e., people are very apt to become short-tempered. Remedy—stay at home for a few days.

## Warm-hearted Miners.

I was pleased to hear from a staff officer yesterday some good words for the miner. As a rule, the word only crops up in connection with political agitation. My friend tells me that the miners at the front, if a bit rough, are splendid. They are wonderfully warm-hearted, and can be as gentle as women when coming across a wounded comrade.

## A Memory.

I have the pleasantest recollection of Sir George Pragnell, whose death in the prime of life was so unexpected. I am not likely to forget him, as he was the first person I ever interviewed in journalism. He was very brusque at first, and said that he had not a moment to spare, but when he heard that I was just making a start in Fleet-street his manner changed, and he gave me an excellent story.

## At Golders Green.

The rush to see Wells v. Smith and O'Keefe v. Sullivan in the great boxing championships next Monday has made people discover how near the Golders Green Hippodrome, where the matches will be decided, is to the heart of London. "Why, it's only fifteen minutes from Charing Cross," said a friend to me yesterday. Quite so. It's almost nearer than Piccadilly-circus if there should be a block in the traffic.

## Both Confident.

In regard to the heavy-weight contest, I hear that Wells—we shall always think of him as "The Bombardier"—is absolutely certain of victory, while all the men in Smith's regiment are equally certain that their man will win the championship. Well, we shall know who's right after Monday evening.

## Unconscious Humour.

Here is an amusing story of a child's unconscious humour. A small nephew of mine troubled with nightmare woke up the other night in a fright. To soothe him his father carried him up and down the room, and tried to lull him to sleep by singing. Presently a tired little voice said, pathetically, "Don't sing, father; I don't feel well enough."

## Not for Me.

I was walking along the Embankment yesterday, when a sentry stationed there gave me, as I thought, the royal salute, but I was soon disillusioned, as a little girl who was passing called out: "There goes Queen Mary." She was returning from St. Paul's after unveiling the Florence Nightingale memorial.



## A Chair for Work

and for Restful Ease

Adjustable to 3 positions.

Only 27/6

Carriage paid anywhere in England.



This handsome Chair is beautifully upholstered in soft Corduroy Velvet (in Art Shades of Red, Blue, Green, Grey, and Buff), and is thoroughly well-made with a comfortable spring seat, loose cushion back, and strong frame of solid oak (dark or fumed, very durable in wear).

Size over arms ... ... 223 in.

Height to top of seat 36 "

Depth of seat ... ... 22 "

Adjustment is simplicity itself—just a light rod to move, that's all.

Just the Chair in which a tired person can relax and take things easy after the rush and strain of a busy day.

## A TESTIMONIAL

Dunbar, N.B.

Mrs. G. has safely received Chair. It was beautifully packed, and came to no harm. The colour of Velveteen is splendid and quite crimson as required. The Chair seems a very strong one and Mrs. G. is quite satisfied.

There are many such bargains in our ART CATALOGUE  
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## WHY SUFFER SKIN TORTURES



When a postcard will bring free samples of

**CUTICURA**

SOAP

and Ointment

which give quick relief and point to speedy cure when all else fails.

Why not

**TRY CUTICURA**

For free sample each address postcard—F. Newbery & Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.



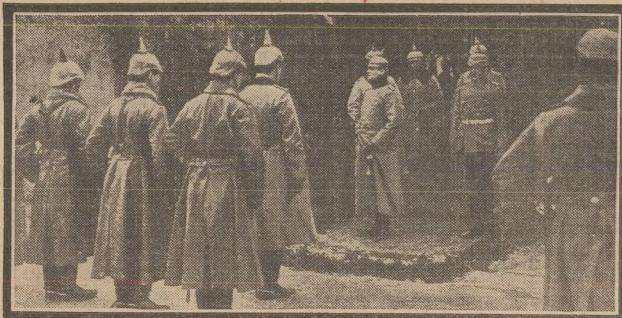
Grey hair changed at once to a natural shade of light brown, dark brown or black by the use of

**VALENTINE'S EXTRACT** (Walnut stain).

A perfect hair dye, having a rapid and washable stain. Does not soil the pillow. Price 1s., 2s., and 5s. 6d. per bottle. By post 3s. extra.

Send for sample and price-list—

C. L. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct London, E.C.



Prince Albert of Thurn and Taxis (the centre figure), who is reputed to be the wealthiest man in Germany. Bertha Krupp plays second fiddle to him in point of money.

## A CHILDLESS WIFE.

Story of Babes Adopted to Satisfy Clause in Father's Will.

### TOOK TITLE OF BARONESS.

An action for damages for alleged slander of title was before Mr. Justice Astbury yesterday.

The plaintiff was Mr. Harry Croft Hiller, of Didsbury, Manchester, and the defendant William Hiller, of Kingston-on-Thames.

The parties, said Mr. Russell, K.C., counsel for the plaintiff, are brothers, and by the will of their father, who died in 1885, they were to share equally in his estate. He made a provision, however, that if one son should have no children upon his death his share should go to his brother.

The defendant married, but, as it turned out, had no family, and the plaintiff alleged that he deliberately procured and adopted children in order to prevent his brother, who had a family, from benefiting according to the will.

Counsel handed in birth certificates which, he said, contained false information, and he read a declaration, or "confession," in which the defendant said it was his wife who managed the practice of adoption.

He remembered receiving two children at a railway station, and these were registered as their children. Just before his wife died, he said, he believed she became sick of the impression she had carried on, and did all she could to right the wrong she had done.

Plaintiff's counsel also said that in a document setting out property the defendant called himself "William Barron Hiller."

Later the parties conferred, and Mr. Russell announced that an agreement had been reached, the plaintiff taking a consent judgment for £400, including costs.

This was to be satisfied as to £300 by that amount being set off against money found due by the plaintiff in former proceedings and as to £100 by a conveyance by the defendant to the plaintiff of his share in some property.

## A CHEMIST'S WARNING TO DYSPEPTICS.

### DRUGS THAT DECEIVE.

"To the majority of sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia drugs are a curse instead of a blessing," remarked an eminent chemist recently. "The same might also be said of various artificial digestants. Pepsin, for instance, is widely used by dyspeptics. Now pepsin may be very valuable to the aged or to a person whose stomach is weak and lousy, but careful research has proved that in most cases of indigestion and dyspepsia the stomach is quite healthy and the digestive organs unimpaired. The trouble is entirely due to acid in the stomach and consequent fermentation of the food contents. Artificial digestants are, of course, useless in such cases, and I know of no drug which can be said to be of any value whatever."

I would suggest a simple antacid known as bisulphite magnesia, and this, so far as I know, is the only preparation recommended by physicians and used in hospitals as an effective antacid and food corrective. I have taken bisulphite magnesia myself and have recommended it to a great many people at different times and have never yet heard of a case where it failed to relieve the intense pain after eating, with flushed face, heartburn, flatulence, etc., get some of this pure bisulphite magnesia from your chemist and take half a teaspoonful in a little warm or cold water. It will instantly neutralise the harmful acid and prevent all possibility of food fermenting in your stomach. But, whatever you do, avoid drugs, and also be sure you get the pure bisulphite magnesia, for the market is flooded with crude mixtures of bismuth and magnesia, which in my opinion are likely to do more harm than good."

**IMPORTANT.—Bisulphite Magnesia is now obtainable of all chemists at the following prices:**

Pot, four shillings and 2/- per bottle.

Miniature Tablets, 1/- and 2/- per flask.

Effervescent Tablets, 3/- per package. (Advt.)

## WILDE CHAMPION.

Symonds Beaten After a Great Contest at the National Sporting Club.

### WELSH ENTHUSIASM.

Jimmy Wilde beat Young Symonds at the National Sporting Club last night in a match for the Flyweight Championship and Stakes of £500, Symonds, the holder of the Lonsdale Belt, retiring during the twelfth round.

It was a bout in which all Wilde's cleverness was tested to the utmost, and rarely has a greater exhibition of scientific boxing been seen in any ring.

With Jim Driscoll seconding Wilde, and Owen Moran and Symonds's corner, both had famous mentors, and one was reminded of their great drawn battle for the Flyweight Lonsdale Belt a few years ago. Last night's contest was one to compare with it. It will go down to history as a classic.

Usually, same men tremble with excitement, and shout or exult in watching or shouting of any kind that is taking place in the ring; even now, again some one or other of the spectators could not restrain a shriek. And then when the end came there was a never to be forgotten scene, as the Welshmen in the ring, in perfect accord started "Land of My Fathers."

I do not believe there is another flyweight in the country who could have beaten Symonds last night. From the first round he was beaten in speed of the little athlete. His quickness, with his head and his muscles rippled with his movements, and few boys have ever made Wilde miss so often as he did.

Young Symonds tried to bestow a blow on the clutches, and was twice told by Mr. Dowd not to do it. But there was little clinching, and it was as pretty an exhibition of boxing as the most captions of the old school could put to the watch.

A straight left-hand stroke, with tremendous force for so tiny a man, which continually found Symonds's mouth, was the real factor in Wilde's success. The bout, however, settled the contest was a hard punch to the kidney followed by a slashing right to the jaw in the twelfth round.

Symonds's legs sagged, and left, right, left, right to the face forced him to the ropes. There he practised

### EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS.

To-morrow's issue of "The Daily Mirror" will contain a pictorial record of the great boxing contest between Jimmy Wilde and Young Symonds. Order your copy to-day.

Heavily dropped his hands, and with a veritable hurricane of blows hitting him everywhere he gradually sank down.

He was beaten, and held out his hand in token of defeat. The thunderous applause was loose, and Wilde, out of breath along with the pace of his terrific hitting, stepped to his corner—a victory and a proper champion.

He rose twice when such an ending to the bout was by no means assured. Symonds had

in to win quickly, and in the first round Wilde got some nasty blows. One right just above the mark of a sixth red mark, which describes hue as the most prominent, and a blow to the nose in two-handed fighting, and Wilde took a lot of punishment.

People who had laid odds of 2 to 1 on Wilde were not very happy, but they were reassured in the second round when he unloosed his blow in beautiful style, he slipped in and out, and had Symonds guessing, and also taking punishment.

Then Symonds came again in the third round, and again he seemed left to his own devices, up to time set again. The defeat, however, it was all plain sailing for Wilde, barring sudden access of weakness. There were some even rounds, but Wilde never actually lost another.

The eighth round saw both men quite fit again. As though God had realised then what he had met his master.

He fought gallantly in the tenth. Symonds tried hard for the blow which would steady his crafty opponent, but he could never land one heavy enough to make the difference, and Wilde's cleverness in keeping out of danger, yes, and in his turn with his left caused the spectators to enthusiasm.

And the end came as described earlier on in the twelfth round. Symonds was beaten by a clever and better boxer, and it was no disgrace to him. It was a great contest, a wonderful display from start to finish.

### OTHER BOXING RESULTS.

Edie Feathers, a prominent Lancashire welter-weight, was much too good for Arthur Duncan at the Ring yesterday afternoon, the contest being stopped in the eighth round. At night, at the Wells (Bermondsey) road, Kid Hancock beat the Kirkwhite feather-weight in seven rounds.

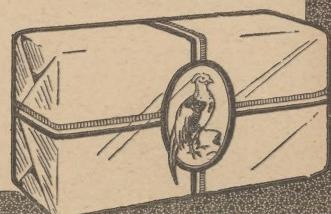
The Hoxton matinee Harry Kid Davis, and Young Fox beat

# Pheasant Margarine

Despite all claims for this, that, or the other margarine, the folk who once try Pheasant Margarine keep on with it!

1  
PER LB.

Ask your Grocer or Provision Merchant for it.



## Satisfied

It is a common experience for a mother to try several foods for her baby before finding the right one. How much better it would be, for baby and mother alike, if the right food could be given at first.

Savory and Moore's Food has so often proved to be the only Food baby could take, though many others were tried, that it has very special claims to be regarded as the "right" food, and the mother who decides to give it a trial before experimenting with others will never regret doing so. She will find baby will take to it at once and thrive so well on it that she will be relieved of all further trouble and anxiety. This is not a random statement. It is supported by the evidence of hundreds of mothers, who write purely out of gratitude for benefits derived from the use of Savory and Moore's Food.

### TRIAL TIN FREE.

Send 2d in stamps for postage of Free Trial Tin to Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond-street, London. Mention "Daily Mirror."

**SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD**





## Real Help

In every case of weakness, convalescence, overstrain, or loss of physical or mental strength, the help that Hall's Wine gives is marvellous, and thousands know it!

Hall's Wine does not keep you waiting for its results; you feel better from the first glass, you feel yourself growing stronger day by day—with strength that will last. It is that unmistakable power of Hall's Wine which makes doctors prescribe it with such confidence; which makes one doctor say "Hall's Wine is the most dependable restorative we have"; and another say "It is impossible to take Hall's Wine without benefit"; and which makes us offer to refund your outlay if Hall's Wine fails.

### Read this:

"I was ill for over three years, and had given up hope. After taking half a bottle of Hall's Wine I felt new energy returning, and now, after the fourth bottle, I feel better than I have ever felt in my life."

## Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

**GARANTEE**—Buy a bottle to day. If, after taking half, you feel no real benefit, return us the half-empty bottle and we refund outlay. Large size bottle, 3½. Of Wm. Merchants, etc. STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON.



533

**Rings**  
Wedding, Keeper,  
Engagement.  
A Single Ring at  
Wholesale Price.  
This magnificent 18ct gold, Govern-  
ment Hall-Marked Ring, £15 Dia-  
monds, clasp setting £2 15s.  
*Second-hand Catalogue B.*  
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**ANÆMIA POORNESS**  
LOSS OF COLOUR, ETC.  
Cured by  
**FER BRAVAIS**  
or  
**BRAVAIS IRON**  
Invaluable in all cases of  
**GENERAL DEBILITY**  
Sample post free from FER BRAVAIS  
130, rue Lafayette, Paris; write on 1st post card



Platt, of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, winning the 100 yards at the world's championship snowshoe races held during a carnival at Quebec. (Underwood and Underwood.)

## 'KIND OF TREACHERY.'

Partner in Fownes Brothers Fined £500  
and Two Others Sent to Prison.

The Fownes case, in which three of the six partners of the famous glove manufacturing firm were charged with trading with the enemy, ended in an unexpected way at the Old Bailey yesterday.

The defendants pleaded guilty on counsel's advice, and Mr. Justice Low passed the following sentences:—

William Gardner Riden—fined £500.

William Fownes Riden—Twelve months' imprisonment, second division.

Stanley Fownes Riden—Four months' imprisonment, suspended.

The prosecution alleged that since the outbreak of the war the New York branch had received goods to the value of over £6,000 from four manufacturers in Saxony.

The goods were not paid for, but the German manufacturers were told that payment would be made at the end of the war, while a suggestion was also made regarding interest.

John Fownes Riden, the third accused man, said the indictment of trading with the enemy was a serious and grave offence.

The accused had traded with the enemy, and trading with the enemy at the present time was merely a species of treachery and must be dealt with accordingly.

## WHEN HUSBAND RETURNED.

In the Divorce Court yesterday Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane granted the undefended petition of Mr. H. S. Welcombe, asking for the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of misconduct between his wife, Gwendoline, and the co-respondent, Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.

Mr. Le Bas said petitioner was married in June, 1901, and lived happily with his wife at the Nest, Hayes, after getting other places. In 1909 he left on a tour in America he had occasion to speak to his wife about another man (not the present co-respondent), and they separated under a deed in April, 1910.

In July last year on returning from abroad petitioner received certain information which led to this petition. It appeared that Mrs. Wellcome stayed at a Windsor hotel in July, 1915.

Petitioner, in his evidence, said his wife, under the deed of separation, had an allowance of £2,400 a year.

## 'STRAFING' THE BUNS ON THE CINEMA

A private view of the second series of official pictures of the British Army in France was given at the West End Cinema yesterday.

The film depicts the destruction of a German blockhouse by a 22 howitzer, the ruins of Ypres, the Prince of Wales at the front, and the Canadian troops in action.

The picture illustrating the demolition of a blockhouse was taken through a gunshot in a British trench about 150 yards from the blockhouse at great risk to the operator.

## LOVE ME FOR EVER.

(Continued from page 11.)

enter when he knocked at her door. But the face she had turned towards the door brightened wonderfully at the sight of him. He had avoided her as much as was possible since she had entered on this period of convalescence, yet he knew that she had never failed to greet him with a smile. "Dick!" She stretched out her hand to him with a glad, welcoming cry. "What a stranger you are! Do come and sit down and talk to me. I'm most dreadfully lonely!"

She looked like a child as she sat there with the cloud of her hair about her face. Illness had accentuated that air of youth that had been so characteristic of her beauty in England.

"We've got some nice plans, if you feel well enough," he said to her. "What do you think of going home, Olive?"

"Home—away from Africa, oh, Dick—"

The ecstatic inflection of the broken words told him all he needed to know.

"You will be glad to go, that's very plain," he smiled at her. "Well, so soon as you can be ready, Olive, we must try and arrange that you come in the first decent home-going boat."

"By you, Dick—you don't expect me to leave you?"

There was a note of terror in her voice, dismay in the suddenly filling eyes, that might have told the man very much had not his eyes been blinded.

"I'm afraid I must stay out here for a bit longer," he said almost curiously. "One has to mix with the shells—you've married a poor working man, Olive."

The dearest man in the world! The words were on her lips, but she did not dare to utter them. The shadow was between them still. The shadow that had fallen between them since that night of Rupert's folly.

"Dick," she stretched out her hand and laid it on his—"won't you come with me, are you, or dispensed in any way?"

Just for a moment he let his hand rest on hers.

"No, dear, of course I am not," he said. "I simply want you to get well—I should have made an effort to go back with you if it were possible—but the property here has changed hands. I have a new chief, and it behoves me to look after him very closely—for your sake as well as my own."

"A new chief? I had not heard that," Olive looked at him with a little searching glance.

"You never told me that. A nice man?"

Dick hesitated. Mrs. Beresford had sworn to secrecy as to her sex, yet he hated to deceive Olive even by silence.

"The new head seems a very decent sort," he said evasively. "An excellent person of business."

It seemed to him that Olive's eyes regarded him with a puzzled mystery as he spoke.

**There will be another fine instalment to-morrow**

## BOYCOTTING BRITONS.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 14.—According to messages through German channels the Bucharest newspaper *Adevarul* reports that the Rumanian Agricultural Society has decided not to deliver corn to British buyers.—Central News.

## BEAUTIFUL HAIR, THICK, WAVY, FREE FROM DANDRUFF.

Draw a moist cloth through hair and double its beauty at once. Save your hair! Dandruff Disappears and hair stops coming out.

Immediate!—Yes! Certain! that's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, finely abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after an application of Danderine. Also try this moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is soggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Danderine beautifies the hair. Danderine dissolves every particle of Dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, charming, lusty hair, and lose it, if you will just get a bottle of Knorrton's Danderine, and try it as directed. Sold by all chemists and stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 3d. No increase in price.

## DON'T LET URIC ACID TORMENT YOU.

# FREE.

One Regular 2/3 Package of Uric Acid Solvent will be Sent Free to Sufferers. Read the Offer.

It is useless, dangerous and unnecessary to be tortured with the throbbing, twisting pains of backache or suffer disagreeable kidney or bladder torment. Stiff, tired limbs and muscles, burning, hollow, bearing down pains in the back, aching head, and general rundown, fagged condition are generally sure signs that the uric acid crystals are stopping you up and poisoning your body.

No matter how severe and long standing your case might be, no matter how many times you have been disappointed by doctors or medicines, try this free treatment and see for yourself how the Uric Acid crystals, the cause of all your aches and pain, are driven out of the system and once again be strong, well and vigorous, with no more pains and stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic affections, aching back and serious bladder trouble.

Send your name and address to the Delano Company (Dept. 1 F.), 8, Bouverie Street, London, E.C. Please write plainly and enclose 6d postage stamps or Postal Order to partly pay for packing and distribution. A regular 2s. 3d. package of the Uric Acid Solvent will be sent at once, post paid.

## ARE YOU SHORT?

If you are short, let me help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 2 inches in 10 months in the height of Miss Davies 3½ inches; Mr. Lindon 3 inches; Driver E. H. 2½ inches. My system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the figure. Do not wear hats and stockings. No appliances or drugs. Send 5 penny remittance further and receive a book on 100 questions. ARTHUR GIBSON, specialist in the interests of Height (Dept. A) 17, Streatham Green Rd., London, N.

Keep on sending them  
**Oxo**

From a Rifleman at the Front.

"No praise is too high for the Oxo which we receive from our friends and relatives. We have been in and out of the trenches for some months now, and have realised the value of a cup of Oxo during these cold and wet nights."

Oxo Ltd., Thames House, London, E.C.

**"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."**

Congh-racked poor Sufferers are Mr. Home-Newcombe's first concern.

"I shall pass through this world but once; any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now, let me not neglect, or defer it, for I shall not pass this way again."—Carlyle.

# BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA INFLUENZA, Whooping Cough, Children's Cough, CONSUMPTION,

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For Chronic Bronchitis of 20 Years' Standing.

—Terrible Racking Bronchitis.

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and Medical Treatment had failed.

—Blood Spitting — Lung Hemorrhage

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—Bronchial Catarrh — Croup

—Pneumonia — Nasal Catarrh

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—Choking Phlegm — Emphysema

—Laryngitis — Backing Cough

**OVER 100,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."**

It will remove your cough, or the cough of your child, husband, wife, son, daughter, or any other relative or friend. It will cure any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen the body and enable you to live more firmly and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests all the deadly ravages of Pneumonia, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

**"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."**

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unwillingly, for a last doctor told me nothing could be done, and that I must prepare for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA" and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since then the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Miss Gilburn, Eccleshall, Staffordshire, writes on the first of the current month telling the story of her son from the immediate dangers he faced of Pulmonary Consumption at the very moment when the doctor pronounced her case hopeless.

Briefly, she had been ill upwards of twelve months, her breathing was very short and rapid, her cough had occurred with extreme difficulty, and she sweats of an exhausting nature. Wastage of a pronounced nature was continuous, so that she had become almost a skeleton. She had spent fourteen weeks in hospital, and was given up by the doctors and garden if she was helped up.

Her own words speak volumes as to what "Liq-u-fruta" has done for her. It has not only arrested the disease, but done an infinite good and turned her face in the direction of recovery.

She writes:—"I am grateful to you for carrying out your advice and maintained "Liq-u-fruta" and find I have been so much better for doing so, everyone is surprised, for they expected me gone long ago. It was the first time I ever saw the doctor, and my mother that I should go off rapidly. My relations and friends are most pleased to see the difference in



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Enclose 3d. in stamps (for postage and packing) for a test bottle of "LIQ-U-FRUTA" free from observation. I have not previously had a free bottle. No samples sent abroad.

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For 2d. in stamps, to cover postage, my 1st book, "Worth Its Weight in Gold," will be sent free.

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ADDRESS .....

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THE "Sunday Pictorial"  
Grows in Popularity Every  
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IF You Like "The Daily Mirror," You Will Like  
the "Sunday Pictorial." : :

CEMENTING THE RUSSO-JAPANESE FRIENDSHIP: GRAND DUKE VISITS TOKIO.

P 150 N



The Grand Duke at the Russian cathedral in Tokio. After attending the service he paid a visit to Count Okuma, the Premier.

P 150 N

AN ALL-BRITISH FILM.

f 12297 B



Miss Muriel Martin Harvey and Mr. Francis in a scene from the film version of the novel, "The Hard Way." It is an all-British production.

THIS MARK NEVER BELOW PAR.

P 1051



Colonel Mark Lockwood, M.P., shooting with wounded soldiers from the hospital on his estate.



The Grand Duke driving away from the station.

The visit of the Grand Duke George Mikhailovich to Tokio was a great success, the people according the Tsar's envoy a most friendly reception. The Grand Duke was charged with the mission of handing high decorations to the Mikado and his consort and to congratulate him on his Coronation. At the banquet at the Imperial Palace speeches expressing feelings of mutual friendship were made.

TWO V.C.S IN THE NEWS.

P 14859

P 16734



Sergeant David Finlay, V.C. (Black Watch), who has been killed in action in Mesopotamia. He came home to be married in July.



Private S. F. Godley, V.C., now a prisoner at Doeberitz, who was invited to dine with German officers. He won the V.C. at Mons.

PAT O'KEEFE CLIMBS A TREE.

P 2300



The gallant rifleman finds it good training. He will meet Corporal Jim Sullivan in the great khaki-glove contest.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

TWO SISTERS AS PLAINTIFFS.

P 18611



Two sisters, named French, who are suing a Westcliff house agent. The plaintiffs are poultry-keepers.